

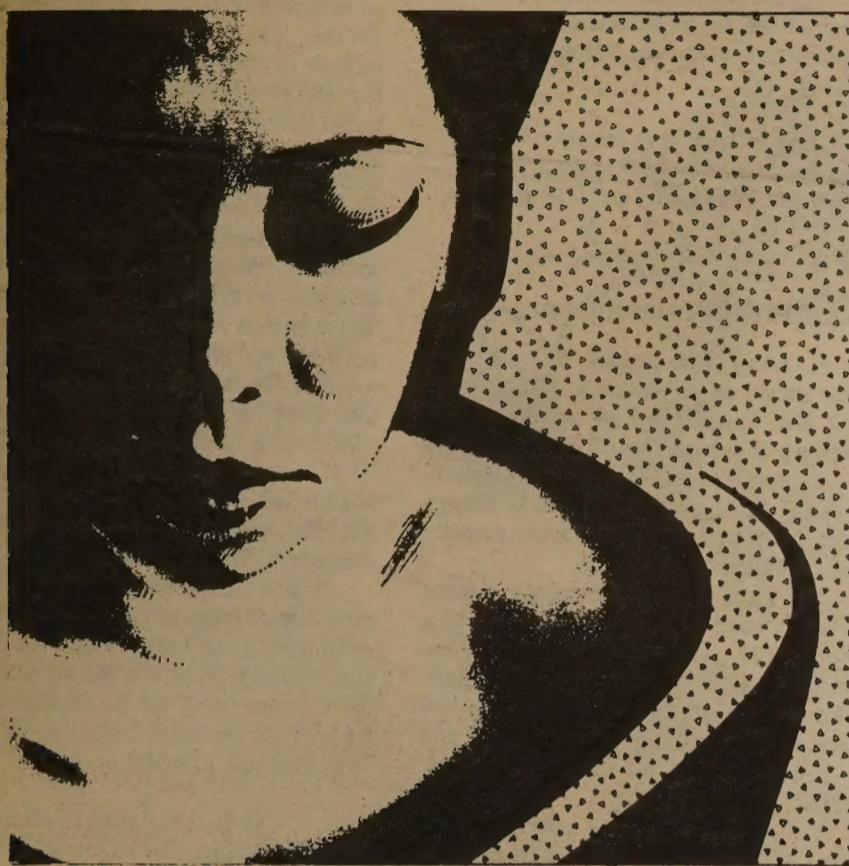
Student Review

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SR art by Jeff Lee

International Student Report

Singapore: the Lion City

by Wilson Raj

For the geographical location of Singapore, see the World in Review map on the backpage.

Malay legends tell of Temasek, a small fishing town on a remote island off the Malayan Archipelago. Sang Nila Utama, a prince from a nearby Malay kingdom, was shipwrecked on Temasek while searching for a new capital. He was bewildered by the island's white beaches and emerald jungles. As he walked on, a magnificent golden beast appeared in front of the astonished party and bounded away into the jungle. He learned from one of his sailors that the animal was a "singa" or lion. Believing that this unusual encounter was a good omen, Sang Nila decreed that his new city be built on Temasek. He renamed the island Singapura or "Lion City."

The history books tell us that Singapore's modern founder was an Englishman, Sir Stamford Raffles. In 1819, Raffles acquired the island from the Sultan of Johore on behalf of the British East India Company. With remarkable foresight he laid the foundations for a bustling city, envisaging the transformation of an insignificant fishing village to an entrepot of global importance.

Located eighty miles north of the equator, in Southeast Asia, Singapore lies at the southernmost tip of Peninsular Malaysia. The climate—with little seasonal variation—is thus warm and tropical, the flora lush and green, and the humidity sometimes overpowering. The sea circumvents the island: the Straits of Johore to the north, the Straits of Malacca to the west, and the South China Sea to the east and south. The landscape is characterized by low central hills and gentle coastal indentations.

Singapore measures 27 miles from east to west and 15 miles from north to south, at its greatest extent. Together with its 40 tiny outlying islets, the island republic occupies 240 square miles—smaller than New York City's 302 square miles—and possesses virtually no natural resources.

Yet, the 2.7 million Singaporeans on this island metropolis reflect diverse multicultural characteristics and enjoy a high standard of living.

The Chinese make up 76% of the population. Although Mandarin is the official Chinese language, five major dialects are spoken: Hokkien, Teochew, Cantonese, Hakka, and Hainanese. The Chinese also have varied religious beliefs: Buddhism,

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Annual National Computer Show

The Latest in Computers

by J. Clarke Stevens

Las Vegas has long been known as the definitive showplace of bells, lights, and electronic marvels, but the week of November 14, Vegas played host to another type of glitzy electronic extravaganza: the Comdex computer show, which is the main forum for exhibiting the latest and greatest developments in personal computers. This year's show was, of course, the biggest ever. There were over 1700 company exhibits designed to display their wares at eight show sites, and there were more than 95,000 attendees (roughly the population of the Orem/Provo area). I will highlight a few of the amazing, cutting edge developments.

Computers—acres of computers. Most third world countries now produce some sort of PC clone computer, but there are a few new developments. The 80386 computer microprocessor chip is the brain for most of the new computers. This chip lets the computer access more memory, work faster, and operate more efficiently. Computers that use the 80386 microprocessor generally still run MS-DOS, which means old computer programs will still work on the new machines. However, new programs that will only work on the new computers are also being developed to capitalize on the power of the 80386.

The other major thrust in computer development is in lap top models. Most of these are now using the same microprocessor (80286) as current AT type IBM machines. But some of the lap tops are using the new 80386. Toshiba even has one that supports high-resolution graphics on a flat screen. Some companies have gone so far as to develop IBM compatible hand held computers, but most of these "hand held" models are still about the size and weight of a large brick. They lack the convenience of a practical, usable display or a built in disk drive.

Noticeably absent from the show was the NeXT computer developed by Apple founder Steve Jobs. Consequently, most of the computer innovation consisted of supercharging existing machine designs. These new computer peripherals were more exciting than the computers themselves.

In addition to the basic computer fashion accessories such as keyboard pillows, keyboard covers, anti-glare screen covers and mouse holsters, there were some genuinely new and potentially useful add-ons. There are now 3.5 inch hard disks that can store up to 200 megabytes of data (an awful lot) and a Hybrid floppy disk drive from Insite Co. that uses both optical and magnetic technology to pack a whopping 25 megabytes on a single 3.5 inch floppy disk (right now a 3.5 inch floppy commonly holds around 1 megabyte).

Disk drives for CD's (compact disks) were also a hot item. A CD can hold about 500 megabytes of data, but it has the drawback that you can only write to it once. With 500 megabytes, you can save a lot of trash and still have plenty of space left over, but the "write once" limitation of CD drives is definitely a drawback that needs to be worked out.

Borrowing from the audio market, a few companies have developed DAT (digital audio tape) drives which store computer data. DAT tape drives are significantly slower than CD's, but they can hold a downright brazen 1.2 gigabytes (that's 1,200,000,000 bytes, or a couple sets of the Encyclopedia Britannica). DAT was originally developed as an improvement on audio cassette tapes, and it's a bit ironic that the spin-off technology is available for computers before the original technology is, due to legal red tape barring the use of the DAT format in the U.S. audio market.

The latest development in computer printers is the twenty-four pin dot matrix approach. Some of the twenty-four pin printers can achieve resolutions of up to 360 dots per inch. That is higher resolution than most laser printers. Unfortunately, the dot placement lacks the precision of laser printing, so the lines and characters generally don't have the crispness of laser printed documents. The price of these printers, however, tends to woo many would-be perfectionists. A twenty-four pin printer can be had for less than \$500, whereas a laser printer costs anywhere from \$1,500 to \$5,500.

Several color printers were also shown. Some were twenty-four pin dot-matrix models and some were 300 dot per inch thermal transfer printers. Color laser printing, however, still seems reserved for those with unlimited cash.

Other recent developments provide new ways to communicate with your machine. Most mice (or is it mouses?) now include a turbo switch which lets you select the mouse accuracy "on the fly." A few vendors were purveying variations on the mouse theme, such as light pens, touch pads, trackballs and an interesting roller-bar below the keyboard space-bar. The most exciting mouse, however, was the scanning mouse. This mouse basically copies to the computer screen whatever it is dragged across. Photographs, maps, or drawings can be immediately transported from the desktop to the computer screen. It generally comes with software allowing it to read some text fonts and to do some basic graphics manipulation.

Many companies displayed a variety of computers, and these displays proved very intriguing. One is the DynaBook, which reads information on CD's (such as encyclopedias) and brings the text and graphics up on a page size screen. The DynaBook computer is about the size of an unabridged Eng-

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Singapore from front page

Taoism, Confucianism, and Christianity.

The Malays comprise 14% of the population. Virtually all Malays adhere to the Islamic faith and are united in the Malay Language.

The Indians account for 6% of the population. Like the Chinese, Indians speak a variety of dialects: Hindi, Malayalam, Telugu. However, most Indians speak Tamil as their mother tongue and embrace the Hindu or Islamic faith.

The remaining 4% of the population is richly diverse, encompassing people from all over the world. The Eurasians and Europeans are generally the majority in this group.

Singapore's thriving success can be attributed to its strategic location, aggressive planning, skilled manpower, and political stability.

Singapore commands a central location, between the Indian and Pacific Oceans, which is the focus of all major shipping routes in the world. The southern part of the island provides an excellent natural deep-water harbor which can accommodate super-tankers and ultra-large crude carriers (ULCCs). Currently, Singapore is the second largest port in the world, in terms of the total cargo tonnage handled annually.

Other services such as banking, transport, communications, ship repair, and insurance have given Singapore the reputation as the best entrepot center—import and export—in Asia, matched only by Japan.

Realizing that the commercial sector alone is insufficient to sustain economic growth in the face of escalating competition from neighboring countries, Singapore prides itself on aggressive industrialization. In 1961, a crash industrialization program was implemented with the aid of a UN industrial survey team. Progress was dramatic.

Now, Singapore has moved from the ranks of developing nations to the strata of new industrializing countries (NIC's). While manufacturing, oil refining, and assembly had always been the traditional bulwark of the economy, the industrial sector now focuses on computer technology, fiber optics, satellite communications, and robotics.

In view of this rapidly advancing and competitive economic atmosphere, the government places a high premium on educating its population—the nation's only natural resource. Singapore expends more than a quarter of its budget on education. The result: a high literacy rate.

While Singapore's prime location, aggressive economic strategies, and highly competent task force are all inducements for foreign investors, the government preserves investor confidence by ensuring a stable political climate.

Once a British colony, Singapore is today led by the People's Action Party (PAP), a disciplined socialist party which operates on capitalist principles. The republic's political system is closely modeled after British parliamentary democracy.

The colony was granted internal self-government in 1959, and Lee Kuan Yew—a brilliant lawyer from Cambridge—became its first prime minister. Singapore gained complete independence on 9 August 1965.

Government under the PAP has always been characterized by its discipline and intense air of urgency. In the face of communist threat from Indochina and an increasingly competitive world market, Singapore feels that it must reinforce its autonomy to counter protectionism or big-power hegemony.

To this end, the action-oriented PAP sets tight schedules for high economic goals and implements policies almost overnight, without upsetting the nation's economic momentum. Also, labor unions are kept docile by

amalgamating them with government agencies and the press is closely monitored by licensing bodies.

Despite this highly disciplined form of "democracy," the PAP tempers its self-described "rugged society" with insightful flexibility and impartiality. Perhaps, most important of all, the government's eclectic approach—combining the idealism of the West with the traditional values of the East—is legitimized by its dramatically successful results: a prosperous, clean, green, Lion City.

Wilson is a native of Singapore. He teaches Sunday School at the Anglican Church in Springville, and likes to party.

Computers from front page

lish dictionary, but a single CD can hold many encyclopedia volumes. The Dyna-Book also features a high resolution flat screen which is touch sensitive. This allows for easy interaction with the display screen. Instead of giving all your commands through the keyboard or the mouse, you can actually input by touching the screen.

APT Corp. was demonstrating a voice activated "hand held" (about the size of a portable CD player) language translator which actually spoke the translated sentence. In order for the translator to keep up, it is necessary to speak halting broken English and the translation is a bit mumbled, but the potential is truly exciting.

The most breathtaking new hand held device is Sharp Corp.'s new Wizard. The

Wizard is the size of a normal calculator with a "clam shell" hinged design. The right side has a normal calculator keyboard with alphabetic as well as numeric keys. The left side of the Wizard, however, sports a large LCD screen that is capable of several lines of text or simple graphics. Beneath the screen is a clear touch pad which can be configured as an additional keyboard or as a graphics input device. The basic features of the Wizard include calculator, calendar, time, scheduling, and programming features. With additional slide-in cartridges, the Wizard can do language translation or other custom applications. The wizard also communicates easily with larger computers via a simple interface.

Other oddities included "vaccinations" to combat computer "viruses," which are destructive programs created by pranksters. These viruses can be transferred across data networks and can wreck havoc on computer systems, like in a recent nationwide outbreak that crippled thousands of university and government computers for over 24 hours.

Several companies from our local mini-silicon valley had booths—Word Perfect, Novell, Custom Design Systems, Unibase, Paragon, CAM Software and SoftCopy.

This was the tenth annual Comdex computer show. It has grown from a modest 157 exhibitors to an astounding 1700, and the show promises to be even bigger next year. If the Comdex show can be considered a barometer for the entire computer industry, it would be wise to invest in silicon.

Clarke is majoring in electrical engineering. But he can still write.

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CAMPUS LIFE

SHAMELESS

by Michelle Moore

Have you ever been in a public place and had that awful, overwhelming feeling that you're going to throw up? And there's nothing you can do to stop it? This happened to me last year in the typing room of the library. There I sat, staring at my half-written Honors Intensive Writing paper, when suddenly I knew. I looked around the room for a quick escape, knowing even with my tactless nature, that it would be a major faux-pas to throw up in the library.

The only door leading out was on the other end of the room; and being a freshman, I did not know where the bathrooms were even if I could make it out of the room. Then to my right I spotted a glass door leading outside that said, "Emergency Exit Only."

Well, this is an emergency, I quickly decided. I stood up and pushed on the door. It did not open. Instead, a very loud alarm sounded; the same second my eyes beheld the words "Alarm will sound" written in bold red letters on the door. All eyes turned to me. All typewriters ceased to click. Silence reigned. Except for the alarm, of course. I was so stunned that my body momentarily forgot its threat of vomit. The silence was broken when one brash young boy yelled out, "Hey, aren't you embarrassed?"

"No!" I yelled back at him.

The funny thing is, I really wasn't. Nothing embarrasses me; I have no shame. Don't ask me why. Perhaps I was born the wrong way. Or maybe I just did so many stupid things as a kid that I've grown immune. It could be my parents, they're the type who still go to parties just for the refreshments. My father is prone to perform crazy antics without warning. For example, he might be doing a perfectly ordinary chore, such as hoeing the garden, when he'll grab a rake and burst into "You Ain't Nothin' but a Hounddog," shaking his grey hair with a fervor and pretending his rake is a guitar. What a guy.

The truth of the matter is, I don't even know how to be embarrassed. I just don't understand it. So I looked it up in



SR Art David Merrill

the dictionary. Webster defines embarrassment as: "A confusion or disturbance of mind." So does this mean that when we do something out of the ordinary or perhaps a trifle stupid, we should be confused? Why? On the contrary, I feel that our silly actions should serve as food for mirth. Nobody else really cares. Think for a moment, do you ever remember other peoples blunders? Of course not. You only remember your own. So why sweat over what others may think when you trip on the stairs? Let it be a source of amusement. Lighten up.

Let me ask you a few questions. Have you ever sprayed deodorant in your hair thinking it was hairspray? Burped during a bishop's interview? Tripped at a funeral? Caught your hair on fire? Fallen asleep in class and drooled? I have, (ALL of the above) and I continue to live and flourish. So take comfort all you blushing fools.

Even worse are those who are actually embarrassed by other people's blunders. What folly. Why, if I were embarrassed by everything my family did, I would never be able to show my face. We are the kind of family that repels friends and frightens neighbors. Ever since my great, great, great

grandfather proudly marched off the Mayflower with his fly unzipped, we have been a nervy bunch of people. Even our pets do embarrassing things. Once when my father cut off the head of one of our chickens because it crowed too much, the chicken did not have the decency to die. This brazen bird ran about headless and then flew over the fence to pay old Mrs. Jones, who was sunning herself on her porch, a visit. What fun.

The way I see it, people are most susceptible to embarrassment when they are trying to impress other people—usually members of the opposite sex. They are nervous. They stutter. They spit. Then they go home and cry thinking that the boy/girl is actually going to remember their stupid mistakes. Well, not me. Let me tell you one more story that should give you hope.

One afternoon last year, I was sauntering through the Maeser building when I saw him. There he stood: Ultraman. Although I knew him only faintly, I bravely walked up to him. I was feeling courageous that day; my hair was brushed and my clothes matched. We struck up a conversation. He was beautiful. I was witty and coy. I noticed that he seemed to be staring at my teeth a lot, so I assumed he was admiring my pearly white teeth, and I flashed him my widest smile. When I walked away, I caught a glimpse of my reflection in the mirror; there was a piece of apple between my front teeth.

This is a classic example of a humiliating experience. An ordinary person would probably react to this dilemma by removing the unwanted remains of fruit immediately, and avoiding further encounters with the Ultraman. But I found this so hilarious that I left the apple in my teeth and conducted an all day experiment. Of the thirty-two people I approached and talked to, only three had the nerve to tell me that I had something stuck between my teeth. Most of them just stared at me, looking uncomfortable and, yes, embarrassed.

The lesson learned here, my friends, is the discomfort of embarrassment need not be yours. You can enjoy sleepwalking naked through your apartment. Laugh at yourself. Turn the tables on shame, and your life won't be the same.

Michelle, one of the infamous Moore sisters, is primarily distinguishable from her siblings by her absolute lack of shame.

More Great Moments in Returned Missionary Poetry

by Gary Burgess

Spotlighted this week are the works of Jeffrey Dalton, an earnest writer of Returned Missionary poetry of the mid-70's. Best known for his poem, "Love Under the Flags," it stands up to contemporary literary criticism today as well as any of his works.

A lonely grounds crewman
mows grass fresh and clean—
like your face.
He knows nothing
of the lazy splendour
of the ASB,
or the way my heart rises
with the flags,
when I see you, babe.

Your hair brushes my arm
underneath an azure sky.
I feel prudence and frugality
surge inside,
and I want to salute.

States the eminent literary critic Don Tanner, "I especially like Dalton's choice of a location for his poem. The view from the ASB is truly auspicious—it rests and pleases the eye. The view suggests to the mind thoughts lofty and sublime. As one leaves the "lazy splendour" of the ASB, and is careful of course not to walk on the grass, one's disposition is indeed turned to higher matters."

Most biographers agree that after Dalton completed

"Love Under the Flags," he was overcome by despondency. This was in February of 1976. The well-documented "Returned Missionary Syndrome," most agree, was what was responsible for the unsettling tone in the poems that are dated from this period. It seems to have affected his craft and composition, upsetting his life, just like a regular person's. A significant work is dated from this period, entitled, "Thoughts on a Gray Day While Watching the Six Million Dollar Man." It is known as one of his most stark and grimly realistic works.

Peeled down to casual slacks
and shirt sleeves
I lounge on a Saturday afternoon.
Scratching my tie,
I smell:
a dinner appointment of yester year.
Scrub.

In the May issue of *BYU Today*, Dalton responded to an interviewer's queries by saying, "'Scrub' was a common word among us missionaries. Its meanings are many."

Evidence of Dalton's descent into alienation in the winter of 1976 is further illustrated in a series of short poems entitled "Cougareat Sketches." One is as follows:

A heavy layer of ranch dressing
covers us all, separating us.
It is cold.
"Just give me a
small
taco
salad,"

Her eyes,
concerned,
give me generous portions
of
refried beans
and
grated cheese:

I am alone with my nutrition.

Recording in his journal in late February, "I bet I could hop a train and go far away from here. By tomorrow I could be where a soul can breath. Oh, but I forget, I have a test Friday. Fetch."

Most critics concur with Don Tanner, when he says about Dalton's poems of this period: "Dalton's soul at this time was truly tortured. It must have been hard on his roommates. Sometimes it's almost frightening to read his poetry when you realize that the depths of which he writes were actually in his experience." What ultimately brought Dalton out of his melancholy? There are many clues, but we need only turn to his fiction for answers. Evidence of Dalton's turn around in late March of 1976 is clearly seen in what many consider one of the poet's most mature works, "Johnny Lingo and the Dance of Life."

"Mahanna—you ugly," he says.
I crack a grin.
The first time
in months
my teeth shine
heavenward,
refreshed.

Love: Verb or Video Party?

by Emily Tobler

I usually feel frightened when I hear that someone has a crush on me. Not that I'm afraid of love—I'm afraid of being immobilized. A "love object" is in danger of becoming a screen for projected infatuation so that we can bask in our own emotions. When we have a crush on someone we barely know them—much less love them.

So, what is love, a feeling? a behavior? a way of life? the aftermath of a video party? The ultimate love shared between a man and a woman is supposed to be the creation of human life. And we're not talking ex nihilo—creation means the organization of existing elements. What is the hope of perpetual couch potatoes? I have a nightmare about the afterlife: it's one big video party for the duration of eternity. The truth is videos don't prepare you to die and they certainly don't prepare you to marry. "Happily ever after" has brain dead connotations, but we should know better.

Now tell me if you've ever experienced this common BYU date. A couple will (that's right—you guessed it) watch a video. After two hours of staring at a screen they don't know each other's last names, much less anything else, but they do know one thing: they want to roll, and roll, and roll. Go by Deseret Towers any Friday or Saturday night and see what I mean. Freshmen in love? These couples don't create the flood of passion they are caught up in, they are borrowing it from the romantic adventures they rent. This is all good and fine for Smith's video center, Munchies, Malts, and

Movies, and Albertsons (the video warlords of Utah Valley), but I am not so sure a two-dollar-a-night video is the tool we need in our quest for love.

Love can not be created by video watching, it takes applied effort. Scott Peck says, "When we extend ourselves, when we walk an extra mile, we do so in opposition to the inertia of laziness or the resistance of fear. Extension of ourselves or moving out against the inertia of laziness we call work. Moving out in the face of fear we call courage. Love, then, is a form of work or a form of courage. Specifically, it is work or

courage directed toward the nurture of our own or another's spiritual growth. We may work or exert courage in directions other than toward spiritual growth, and for this reason all work and all courage is not love. But since it requires the extension of ourselves, love is always either work or courage. If an act is not one of work or courage then it is not an act of love. There are no exceptions."

"The principal form that the work of love takes is attention. When we love another we give him or her our attention; we

SR art by Jeff Lee

attend to that person's growth." Creating love entails moving beyond the static existence of the video kingdom's comfort zone, to proactive relationships where last names, dreams and thoughts are shared instead of spit alone. Leo Buscaglia claims, "love is a dynamic process, it welcomes anyone who takes up the invitation to be an active part of it. What we call the secret of happiness is no more a secret than our willingness to choose love."

So if we choose love over the video vice we need to listen and be ready to act. This is difficult. It involves many risks. Hugh Ni-



bley says, "our weaknesses are like dogs, you see: if you walk toward them, they will run away from us, but if we run away from them, they will chase us, so let's push it [our weaknesses]."

Let's drop the remote control and start concerning ourselves about the sovereign individual next to us.

Top 20

1. Vacation
2. Turkey induced stupor
3. Indolent mornings in bed
4. The ZCMI talking Christmas tree
5. Temple Square lights
6. Candied yams
7. Empty Provo
8. Going Dutch
9. Cornish game hens
10. Howard at Kinko's
11. Cross country skiing
12. No roommates
13. Duck boots
14. Wool sweaters
15. Egg nog
16. Strawberry blondes
17. The Ray Charles Christmas album
18. Slumber parties
19. Grandparents
20. Road trips

Bottom 10

Being homeless, Vanna/Venus as "The Goddess of Love," PMA, PDA, PMS, Shaving, Slush, Mud, A Cougar at Thanksgiving, Utility bills

Poetry from page 3

Fortunately, as one can see from the renewed spirit in "Johnny Lingo and the Dance of Life," Dalton was on the rebound by the spring of 1976. The change in seasons seems to also have brought out his keen sense for the romantic, buried for so long. One of his most moving contributions to the world of Returned Missionary poetry is titled, "Food and Thoughts Put in Storage for Two Years."

Red cans, blue cans,
cans full of Dinty Moore
and Chili Con Carne brew.
They all tumble down from shelves,
as if haphazardly
into a triumphant pile—

"I can last six months, maybe more."
Not doubting, but believing,
you kneel in your dress by a sack of flour.
"Here, let me move this out of your
way," I say,
grasping powdered milk,
sturdily.

"I carried this for two years out there."
I hand her a can of sweet peas,
and in her eyes I see
a thousand remembrances
and moments shine,
bright and faerie-like.
She thought I'd forgotten,

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EDITORIAL

The Search for Identity

by Glenn Haviland

Being in college is enough to confuse anyone, if not kill them. I won't even attempt to think about all the pressures that classes, exams, assignments, work, finances, and experimental cooking put on a student. Harder than any one of these, however, is trying to build an identity.

College students are at the perfect age for uncertainty and self-discovery. High school was the time for mild or wild abandon, and entering college, I thought it would be the same. *Animal House* gave me the wrong impression, though. I feel more responsibility than I did before, and as I feel more responsibility, I need more release. I suppose it is *carpe diem* with a conscience.

I came to Provo simply to attend school, I thought. I didn't realize that not having any friends out here would affect me so profoundly. Without my friends and my usual activities, I was forced to figure out who I was without them. I still had my car, my clothes, and my music, so I wasn't totally lost. I found new friends and didn't suffer too badly.

When I entered the mission field I gave up all of that. Sure, I picked good suits, nice wool blends with generous tailoring, but it still wasn't the same as a pair of jeans and a Sting tour shirt.

Within a few months I found myself on the other side of the planet, only a couple hundred kilometers south of the Arctic circle. I had virtually none of the things that I had considered "me": a bright red VW bug was sitting in my driveway at home; my wardrobe was in the closet, and all of my CDs, tapes, and records were in boxes or on shelves under towels. For the second through fourth months of my time in Finland, I was in a small apartment in an obscure town.

My car could wait, my clothes weren't going anywhere. However, up until then I lived my life to a soundtrack. I always had music on. Talking Heads accompanied housework, the Stray Cats and the Police drove me over the hill to the beach, my favorite artists played as I studied, ate, lived.

The Finnish mission rules said that missionaries shouldn't listen to any music except classical. I had brought a few of my favorite tapes and my Walkman, but I felt guilty

about playing them. I diminished my guilt by listening to them only on our free day, Saturday.

Stranded in Finland, I tried to figure out what I was doing. The move to Provo from home had been hard, but I found friends, I listened to music, I drove my car, I ate Haagen-Dazs. In Finland, for three months of that first hot summer, I didn't do any of those. I learned that longer days meant I needed less sleep. I tried to study what I was supposed to, but all that time to study was too much. I found that I had plenty of time to think.

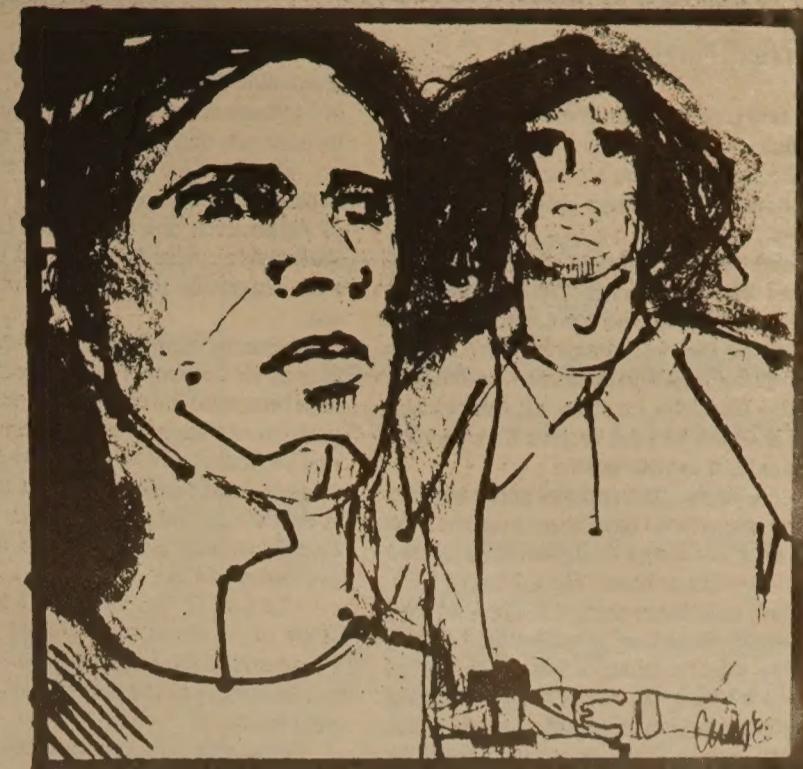
I didn't do the things I was used to; I wasn't even in a familiar culture. Stripped of what I used to say who I was, especially my music, I had two choices: I could either go mildly crazy and forget who I used to be, turning into one of those chronically nice robot people who always got on my nerves, or I could try to rebuild my personality from what I remembered it to be.

In an inexplicable desire to take the road less strolled down, I chose to figure out who I was. I had the time, certainly. I wrote home and asked my parents to describe me so that I could remember what I was like. In August, a few days before my 20th birthday, I became desperate. The homesickness and the isolation terrified me. I remember calling home and talking for about an hour. My parents described me over the phone—they told me the characteristics that I had, they told me who they thought I was. I'm sure they thought I was a little crazy, and I suspect at that point I was.

I could have picked an easier task than trying to figure myself out. When I left that city I had begun to achieve what I had wanted to—I had a good idea of who I was and why I was. More importantly, I realize now, I had found that I still possessed my characteristics and my personality no matter what situation I was in. I no longer needed environment and things to determine who I was.

My car, my music, my clothes were still the same. I didn't lose any of my tastes. The fundamental difference is that these things didn't dictate my personality; my personality dictated them. Instead of being a shell to hide my lack of self-knowledge, these things became extensions of my personality. They weren't essential to my uniqueness, they just served to illustrate it.

Guilt from weekly music listening disappeared. I took the time to learn about and listen to classical music. I found that music wasn't essential to my life; it just made it more enjoyable.



SR art by Cassie Christiansen

I don't think that I am unique in this soul-searching experience. All college students, I think, undergo a period of self-evaluation and discovery—an identity crisis. Admittedly, some don't think as deeply or avoid more probing questions, which is fine for them; I couldn't do that. College comes at a time of life that lends itself to search for identity and purpose, especially when many are away from home for the first time. It's scary to discover how much we are like our parents. We find ourselves trying to sever the apron strings as we cling to them.

This emotional vertigo lends itself to profound conversations, of which there are probably more in college apartments than anywhere else. College students stay up late talking, trying to work out the mysteries of life. They talk as much to crystallize ideas in their own minds as to hear other's thoughts.

Students don't just talk, they try all kinds of methods to find themselves. Some get into music, others display a social conscience, others experiment with forbidden fruit.

Music serves different purposes, depending on the person. Some keep the radio on to keep themselves from getting lonely or to keep from having to hear silence when small talk is depleted, thus effectively keeping them from having to think too deeply. Some use it exclusively as an escape, dancing themselves into forgetfulness. Perhaps the best use of music is as a source for insight. They listen to music because

please see **Identity** on page 7

All the articles in the Editorial Section this week are from first-time contributors to Student Review. See, we really do publish what we get. And just think, your article could be next. Send contributions to Box 7092 University Station, Provo, Utah 84602.

Child Care—A Mother's Perspective

by Linda Jones

Editor's Note: This is a response to the article, "Mother, Father, Where are You?", which appeared in the November 16th Student Review. It is our policy to publish responsible rebuttals to any article we print. However, in all cases we encourage the reader to read the original article to make sure that the response deals fairly with the writer's message.

Perhaps he is just young and naive, but the views represented by Eric Schulzke in a recent *Student Review* article on child care reveals a fundamental misunderstanding of the problems facing women and their families today. Perhaps I can help him understand what reality is all about.

It is easy for Mr. Schulzke to tell us about how women should stay at home and suggest that more work be developed that can be done in the home. I'm sure we could find more than a few women in Provo who have five or six children and are attempting to make ends meet by addressing envelopes or sewing or

typing at home.

I would also challenge him to spend a week in that situation and come out of it with his mind intact. I could refer him to several men who took major responsibility for home and children while attending school so that their wives could work full time to finance that schooling. Not one of them would suggest that their wives find work they could do in the home. And it is often much easier for children to understand and deal with parents who are gone on a regular basis than with parents who are physically present but unavailable to the child because they are working or studying at home.

It is easy for Mr. Schulzke to pontificate about misguided priorities, but the women that I know that are working are not working to finance "country club memberships, swimming pools, fancy electronic devices (which husbands usually buy anyway) and expensive vacations." Most of the women I know are working to keep children on missions and in college (or husbands in college) and to pay medical bills and dental bills and

buy clothes (plain ordinary clothes, not designer jeans for 10 year olds).

Others, after five or six years at home with the family are working because they need some appreciation and some sense of being valued as a person. Articles are published about executives committing suicide (Levinson, "What Killed Bob Lyons," *Harvard Business Review*, March-April, 1981) because of a lack of challenge and a lack of appreciation, because they feel they have no choice but to meet the expectations of others, because they have reached the top and have projects that have no beginning and no end—the same problems housewives are expected not only to take for granted, but to be grateful for.

Few women would work outside the home (or take in work at home) if it were economically feasible to stay at home. Even fewer women would pursue careers outside the home if their husbands, their children, the Church, or society in general, honestly appreciated and gave credit for a career as a home-maker on the same level as that of doctor,

lawyer, or businessman. Most would stay home if they had the appreciation of three or even only two of the four. And many would stay home if only their husbands recognized and valued their contribution *on the same level as their own (the husband's) contribution*. Making speeches and talking about it are not enough. The reality is that women are second class (maybe third, after children) citizens and rarely receive the validation of their self worth that men receive and take for granted on a daily basis.

We can talk all we want about the importance of women, but talk does not counter the condescending attitudes toward women that are still so prominent in our society. I will give two examples of this. The first occurred during a sacrament meeting when a sister had been asked more than a week in advance to be the main speaker. After the meeting began, the high councilman, who had not been expected to be on the program, came in and sat on the stand. The councilor conducting gratefully announced that the high councilman would also speak. The sister, whose talk was very well prepared and inspiring, did her best to shorten her talk, but did not get it short

please see **Mother** on page 7

EDITORIAL

Understanding Moroni 10:3

by Brent Hugh

I find it strange that some scriptures that are quoted the most often in the Church are also the scriptures that are most likely to be misinterpreted. Consider just one example, Moroni 10:3:

"Behold, I would exhort you that when ye shall read these things, if it be wisdom in God that ye should read them, that ye should read them, that ye would remember how merciful the Lord hath been unto the children of men, from the creation of Adam even down until the ye shall receive these things, and ponder it in your hearts."

Here is the conventional interpretation of this verse which I have heard over and over in Church meetings, religion classes, and missionary discussions: First, Moroni says, "ye shall read these things." Then he says some stuff about how merciful the Lord is. Then he says, "ye shall receive these things and ponder it in your hearts." So according to this conventional interpretation, the verse basically means "You should read the Book of Mormon and ponder it as you read."

But is this really what Moroni meant?

From the first time I heard this interpretation in seminary, it didn't seem quite right. For one thing, the "it" in "ponder it in your hearts" is supposed to refer to "these things." But "it" is singular and "these things" is plural. And "ponder it in your hearts" looks like it was just kind of tacked on the end of the verse for no particular reason. Why isn't it up there closer to "read these things" where it belongs?

Even though reading, pondering, and (as

it says in the next verse) praying seem like reasonable things to do to find out if the Book of Mormon is true, this interpretation of the passage just doesn't seem to fit the text.

The first clue to the real meaning is the punctuation. The phrase "from the creation of Adam even down until the time that ye shall receive these things" is set off by commas, suggesting that it should be taken as a unit.

Looking at the verse this way, Moroni asks us to "remember how merciful the Lord hath been unto the children of men, from the creation of Adam even down until the time that ye shall receive these things." And then he adds, "and ponder it in your hearts." What is the "it" that we should ponder? I suggest that "it" isn't the Book of Mormon, but rather the mercy of God.

To sum up the verse: As you read the Book of Mormon, you should "remember how merciful the Lord has been" all throughout the history of the world, and "ponder it in your hearts."

Now this is quite a different interpretation of the verse than the standard one. This interpretation suggests that rather than pondering only the Book of Mormon, Moroni wants us to consider the relation between the Book of Mormon and the other things the Lord has done through history—things we already have faith in. Ponder the things the Lord has done and ask yourself: If the Lord could do all these things, couldn't He also bring forth the Book of Mormon? If He led the children of Israel out of captivity, couldn't He lead Lehi out of Jerusalem too? If He spoke to prophets in Israel, couldn't He

speak to prophets in America just as well? If He sent Christ to the Old World, couldn't He just as easily send Him to the New?

Now this line of reasoning doesn't prove that the Book of Mormon is true, but it opens at least the possibility—and that possibility can be the beginning of faith. That is why Moroni introduced this idea—as a stepping stone along the way to complete faith in the Book of Mormon. The idea is an integral part of the program Moroni outlines to bring us to a knowledge of the truth of the Book of Mormon. That is why it is such a shame when so many people who read this scripture misunderstand it.

As LDS people, we love the scriptures, but we don't completely understand them. We have gaps in our knowledge and things we misunderstand. The prophets have repeatedly told us that. I propose that one good way to increase our understanding of the scriptures is to read them carefully with an eye free of preconceived notions. The scriptures will tell us remarkable, amazing things if we let them tell their tales and express their ideas the way they simply are. But if we read them carelessly or thoughtlessly, if we gloss over parts we have seen before or think we understand, we will never gain more knowledge than we have now.

I don't suggest that we accept my interpretation of this verse merely on the basis of my word or my reasoning. But I do suggest that we study the scriptures with a fresh eye, read them carefully in context, reconsider the way we understand them, and see if we don't come to a new understanding of their meaning.

Brent is a mathematician, which is probably why he spends so much time reading the scriptures.

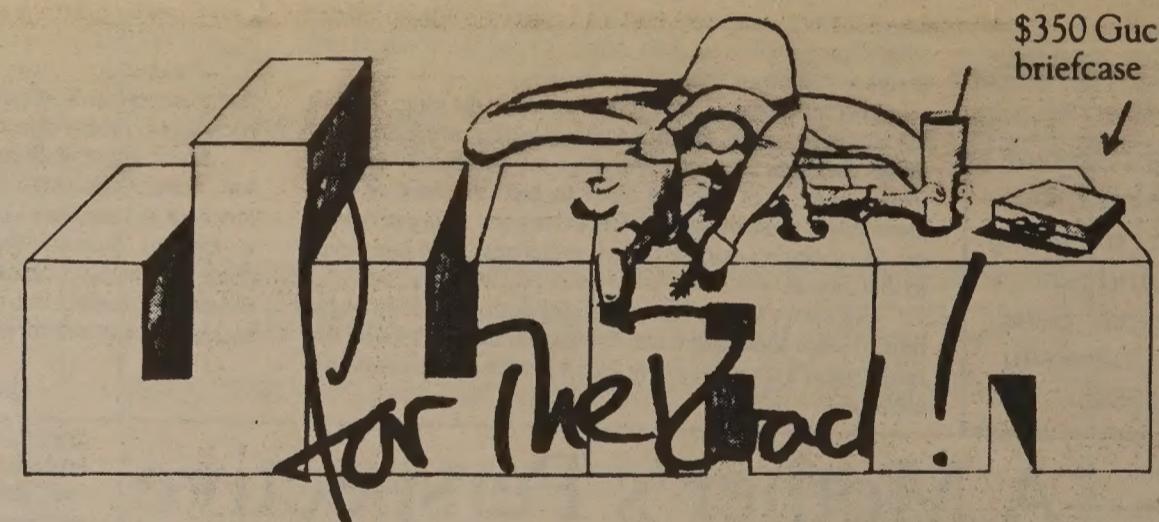
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THE UN-PIZZA!!

EDITORIAL

Identity from page 5

enough for the councilor, who proceeded to hand her a note telling her to finish up. The high councilman then stood up and regaled us with excuses for his not being prepared. Can you imagine any situation in which, had the situation been reversed, any priesthood holder would have been asked to shorten a talk so a mere woman could give hers?

Another time, two students were being considered for the top position in an organization at BYU. The female had actively worked in the organization the previous year, taking responsibility for several projects. The male priesthood holder had accepted assignments on occasion, but had completed none of them. When the male was chosen, the faculty member in charge of the selection told the female, "We know you'll support him and see that things get done right." She didn't. She was smart enough to transfer to another school where she was recognized for her talents and willingness to work—not just expected to prop up some male figurehead.

There are times when it is crucial for mothers to be at home with the children, and there are times when it is just as important that they be engaged full time outside the home. Many feel it is more important to be home when the children are toddlers; I have always felt it more important to be available when the children are in junior high and high school. Each family is different. What works for one does not work for another. My understanding of the gospel is that we are each responsible for our own decisions and that husbands and wives should work together with each other and the Lord to make decisions regarding their families. This is difficult enough to do without self-appointed experts like Mr. Schulzke collecting and rehashing articles that support his point of view and spreading them about like so much guilt from above. I feel very sorry for the future Mrs. Schulzke and their children if he is as convinced and dogmatic 20 years from now as he is today.

Mrs. Jones is the mother of 14 children and holds a Ph.D. in Counseling Psychology. She is currently in her second year at the BYU Law School. Really.

The recent proliferation of socially conscious bands such as U2, Sting, etc. illustrates young people's search for meaning via involvement in a cause greater than themselves. UC Berkeley is the site of many a protest, petition, or demonstration as students attempt to gain a sense of self-worth by uniting themselves against a common foe, real or imagined. Most UC Berkeley students will never be affected by South African apartheid policies, but they'll protest just the same. BYU students' excuse for moral outrage is usually directed at the honor code, which they agreed to in the first place.

Experimentation is perhaps the worst of the three options. Music can help intelligent and earnest listeners achieve higher levels of self-understanding, either through lyrics or inspiring music. The professed possession of a social conscience can lead to real moral stands and service to fellowman, both proven way to better self. Experimentation, however, can easily lead to habitual escape. The most common types of experimentation are with drugs and sex. I can't say which of the two has the worst effects, but the effects are often worse than the original problem. Drugs provide a diversion and a means by which the user can forget about problems that beset him—the questions that do and always have accompanied human existence. Sex—inappropriate intimacy—creates bonds between the partners that are often hard to discern from real love and are best formed after the love has grown. These bonds give an often false feeling to being needed. The only conceivable benefit of experimentation is the resulting experience—the advice of parents and the morals of one's faith are either proven or discarded. This dubious benefit walks the thin line between being world-wise and having wisdom.

Self-confidence, security, and self-knowledge don't come from any of these things—they come from conquering loneliness on your own. These substitutes are only that until you find your identity. Then they become illustrations of personality rather than replacements for it.

I learned this the hard way: I had to undergo a major change in lifestyle and the resultant identity crisis. Most people reach the same conclusion by their own means. As the Greeks knew, "the unexamined life is not worth living."

Glenn temporarily lost himself again in the ELWC. Scary.

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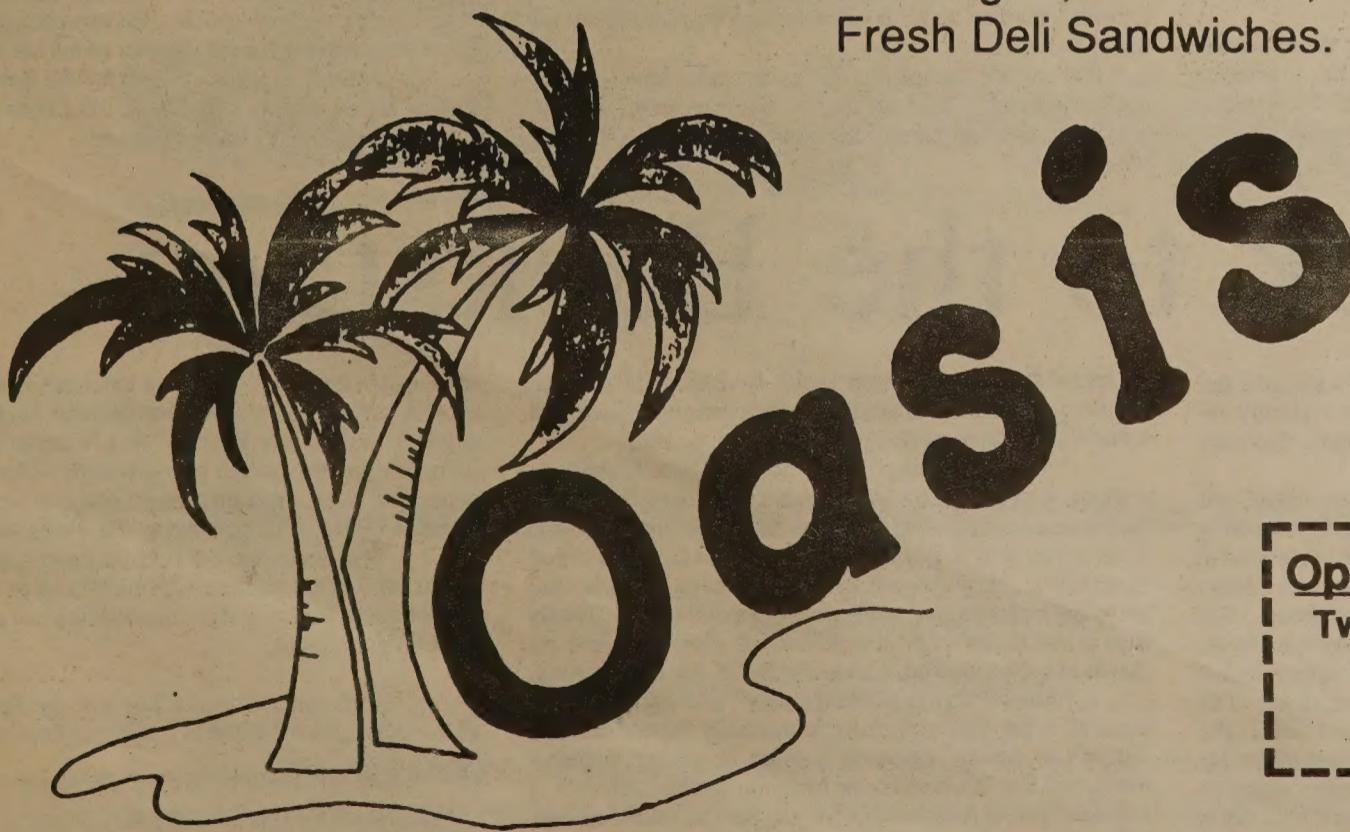
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ARTS & LEISURE

JOHN LENNON: The Man & His Music

by Jeff Hadfield

Eight years ago, on December 8, 1980, one of the world's most controversial and famous figures was assassinated on his New York City doorstep.

In 1988 John Lennon is no less controversial and no less famous. Much of the current controversy centers around the recently published Albert Goldman biography *The Lives of John Lennon*. This book claims Lennon was involved in drug abuse, homosexuality, anorexia, and violence towards friends and lovers.

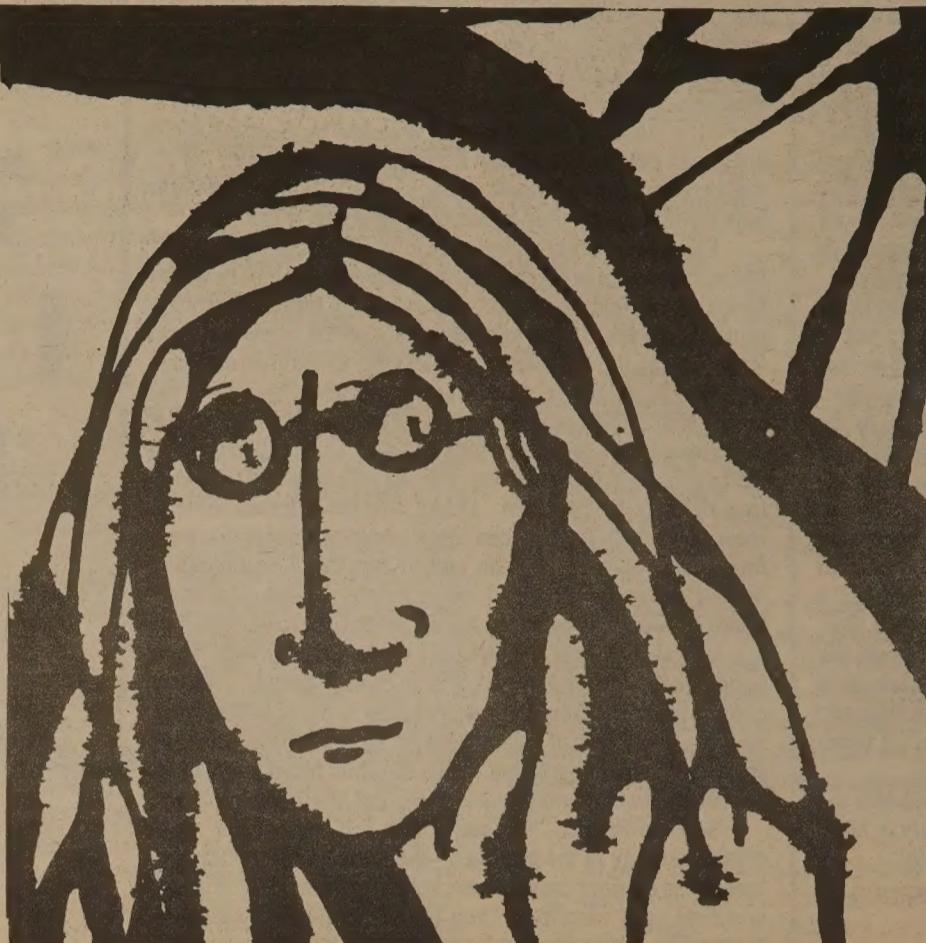
Unsurprisingly, Goldman's book was met with widespread criticism, not just from the media (like *Rolling Stone* magazine), but from such prominent persons as Paul McCartney. The fellow ex-Beatle publicly urged a boycott of the book, calling it a "piece of trash." The cover story of the 20 October *Rolling Stone* condemned Goldman's book as "riddled with factual inaccuracies, embroidered accounts of true events that border on fiction and suspect information provided by tainted sources."

Despite (or because of) all of this negative publicity, the book entered the *New York Times* bestseller lists in August at number 2.

Lennon's name is kept fresh in the public eye by his second wife, Yoko Ono, the self-appointed keeper of his estate. She recently provided the archival material for the documentary movie *Imagine*. The album accompanying the movie was originally slated to include some rarities and alternate takes, but most of these were replaced at the last minute.

These aren't the only posthumous releases. According to the November issue of *Premiere* magazine, Ono "promised the fans that every year until his 50th birthday (coming in 1990) I would bring out something of John's." From her vast archives of Lennon material, she has already brought out three albums (*Milk and Honey*, *Menlove Avenue*, and *John Lennon Live in New York City*), one book (*Skywriting by Word of Mouth*), a video, signed lithographs, and at least 300 hours of the "Lost Lennon Tapes." The "Lost Lennon Tapes" series is currently being aired on radio nationwide, and should eventually be released commercially.

Ono is often criticized for merchandising the name, life and work of John Lennon during and after his life. In addition to the noble cause of making previously unavailable works to his fans, she has licensed paraphernalia of all sorts: mugs, t-



SR art by Amy Williams

shirts, sweatshirts, kites, rugs, neon sculptures, etc., bearing Lennon's doodles.

Most everyone has an opinion about this merchant...
most everyone has an opinion about Yoko Ono... Many don't care for either. She claims that Lennon wouldn't be offended by the merchandising, that one of his greatest joys was seeing a Beatles lunchbox. Lennon was always protective of her despite continual accusations that she was responsible for the Beatles' breakup. As Phoebe Hoban says in *Premiere*, however, "Yoko Ono fought long and hard to be John Lennon's partner, and she is determined not to let death rob her of that role."

Her crusade has meant reliving the past almost daily—not an easy task. Close friends say that whether you believe her or not, she really is sincere in her efforts to keep Lennon

alive.

John Lennon was born October 9, 1940, in Liverpool, England. He got his first guitar at 16, a year after discovering the rock 'n' roll of Chuck Berry, Eddie Cochran and Gene Vincent. At 17, while he was playing in his own band, The Quarrymen, Lennon met Paul McCartney. They met George Harrison later that same year.

Lennon began dating Cynthia Powell, a fellow art student, in 1958, marrying her in 1962. In 1960, the band's name was changed to The Beatles. In 1962 George Martin offered them a record contract and they recorded "Love Me Do."

1963 brought John's first son, Julian, as well as the onslaught of British Beatlemania. For the next seven years, the Beatles reigned over the pop music world.

In 1968 John divorced Cynthia, and in 1969 married Yoko, whom he had met two years before. John and Yoko held their infamous bed-in for peace in Amsterdam, Holland, that same year.

The Beatles officially broke up in 1970 just before the release of the album and film *Let It Be*. One year later, Lennon recorded the *Imagine* album. The simple, anthemic title song became an instant classic, and is still the most popular and lasting of his solo works.

Lennon released a few solo albums between then and 1975, but while often critically acclaimed, none achieved the same success he had with the Beatles. His second son, Sean, was born on October 9, 1975.

Between 1975 and 1979, Lennon withdrew from public life, taking care of the household management while Ono handled their financial affairs.

Then in 1979, Lennon began writing songs again, and in 1980 the album *Double Fantasy* was released. It marked a new, more optimistic mood as well as a change of direction for Lennon. Including songs about Ono ("Woman"), his new outlook ("Just Like) Starting Over"), and daydreaming ("Watching the Wheels"), it climbed the charts and was eagerly accepted by the public. He was assassinated later that same year, leaving the last chapter of his life unfinished.

Jeff writes music reviews for the Review, and is known to frequent the GrayWhale CD Exchange for professional reasons.

Back to the Backstage

by Scott Calhoun

To quell any rumors about Provo's Backstage Cafe, it is reopened, reorganized, remodeled, and evidently rethought. Its new name is Townsquare Backstage. From my observations, the Backstage has grown up.

I attended a performance of "The Planemaker" and was impressed with the new look. A particularly refreshing result of the change is a more mature clientele. It is good to step out of the homogeneity of the student body into a blend of professors, business people, artists, and retirees. The audience is so diverse that at times you forget you're in Provo. The tables are set with large linen napkins that make you feel luxurious, and the silverware is just that: real silver. The waiters and busboys are dressed in black and white, the hostesses in long evening dresses, and the service is as crisp as the starched linen napkins. The whole ambience created by all this attention to detail is one of elegance; something that is somewhat of an anomaly in Provo.

Dinner started off with a salad laced with purple cabbage with a vinaigrette dressing that was particularly good. The main fare was a breaded chicken breast with miniature carrots and a pickled spiced apple. The chicken was

tender and succulent although it could have been a bit warmer, but the spiced apple was exquisite. The meal culminated with a warm smooth caramelized pear that made me sigh.

"The Planemaker" is the story of Lucas Lightbrow, a young man driven by two passions: building flying machines, and courting Amy Fletcher. Amy dies during the birth of their only son. Lucas sends his son to the city to be raised by relatives. He grows old and despondent on the farm until his grandson comes and awakens his love of flying and finally (this is where the magical and Mormon elements come in) "sends him on a wondrous, celestial flight" back to his Amy.

Marvin Payne's "Planemaker" is a light Mormon musical, rather than something dramatically substantial. It is difficult to convey emotions without becoming melodramatic, and this is where Payne runs into trouble. His face is animated and expressive, his singing sincere, but the songs and dialogue seem to patronize our emotions. Marvin Payne is a talented actor, but he tweaks our emotions a bit too much in this "magical story with songs." The whole story is so happy I found myself relieved when Amy finally died.

Payne's guitar and piano work are enjoyable and

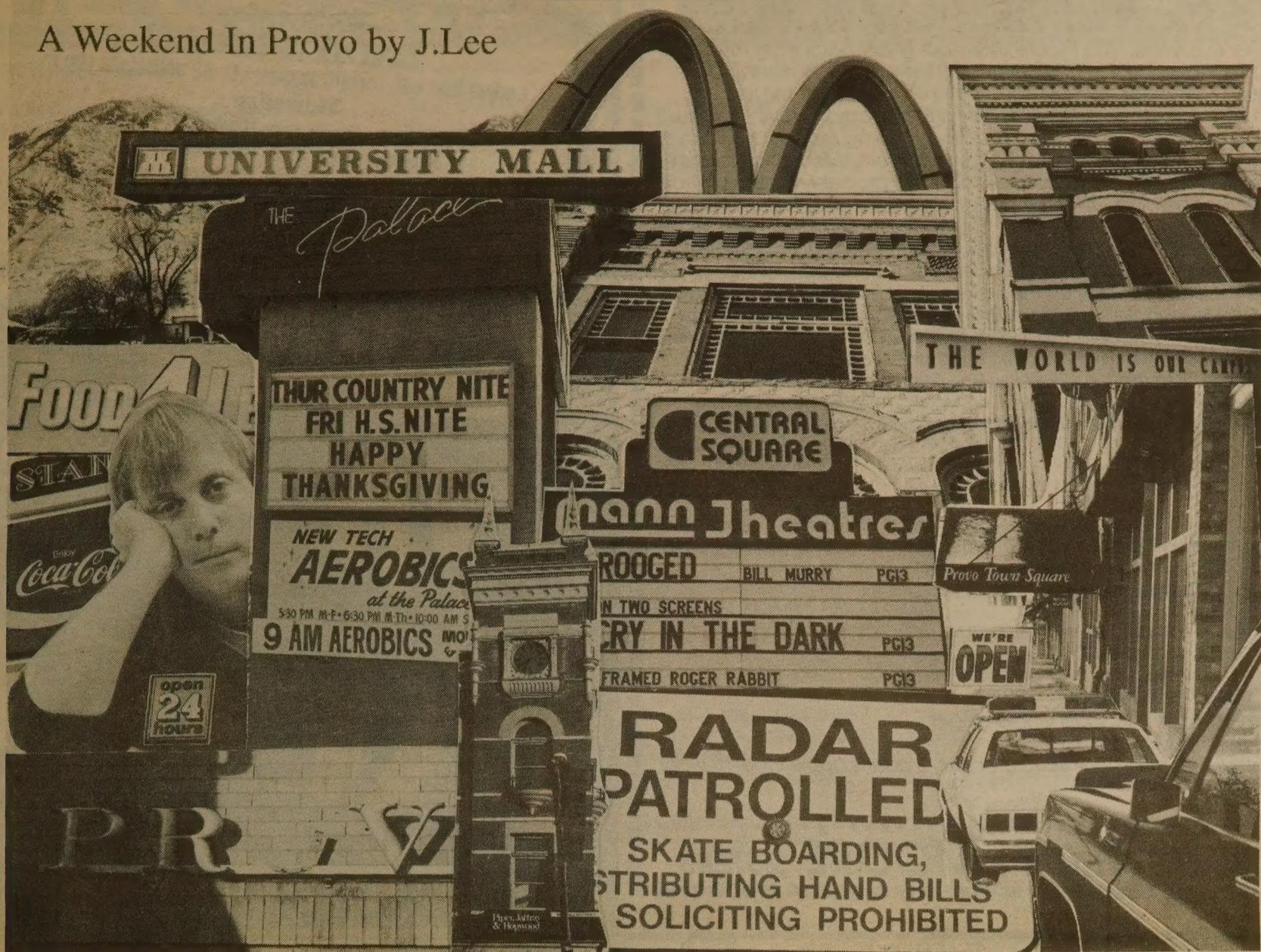
some of his songs are genuinely touching, but his performance is cheapened by taped background music. So if you enjoyed "Saturday's Warrior" and "Charlie's Monument" (which Payne also wrote) you will enjoy "The Planemaker;" if not, the dinner, stand-up comedy, and jazz are still worth the entire \$15.00, or you can wait for "The Fantastics" in January.

The Backstage has become more sophisticated but the jazz still echos off the rough multi-colored brick walls. It has not lost its charm, and is still one of the few places in Provo open after midnight.

Scott edits *Campus Life* for the Review, and is universally acknowledged as a nifty guy familiar with all the fun places in Provo.

Would you like to become a nifty *savoir-faire* person about town like Scott? The Review needs reviews of things to do in Provo. Help the city with its PR campaign. Send us your submissions at PO Box 7992 Provo UT 84602. Thanks.

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CHRISTMAS WITH THE MOORE SISTERS

Good news, everyone. The Moore sisters are finally back from their extended Thanksgiving vacation. How did they manage missing all those classes? Another mystery—they do keep all of us at the Review guessing. But, more good news. Not only are they back in town, because of the unprecedented response to their Thanksgiving recipes, they have graciously deigned to share more of those wonderful Moore Sister recipes with us. We feel very fortunate, considering they'll probably take two whole months off for Christmas. Then after that, since Michelle (the Girl Without Shame) is going to BYU Hawaii for her fourth consecutive winter semester (she's vowed to continue until she graduates or finds a guy shameless enough to marry her), we'll only have Laurie & Connie here in Provo. We are confident they will keep up the Moore Sister traditions, & who knows, maybe Michelle can be our official BYU-Hawaii Student Review correspondent. And they thought they were safe from our particularly pernicious influence over there in Paradise. It just goes to show you aren't safe anywhere. Maybe BYU-Moscow would be safe. Anyway, here it is, the Moore Sisters' contribution to Christmas Cheer for all of us, their highly-acclaimed & always drunk-to-the-last-drop Wassail. Enjoy.

WASSAIL

Mix:

2 tablespoons whole cloves
4 sticks cinnamon
2 teaspoons allspice
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
2 cups sugar
2 cups water

Boil together for 10 minutes.

Add: 2 tablespoons chopped whole ginger.

Let stand one hour, strain.

Add: juice of 4 lemons, juice of 10 oranges, 2 quarts apple cider, 8 slices of lemon. Serve hot.

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THE CALENDAR

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Lecture:

Honors Module: Lila Stuart on "The Operatic Style of Giuseppe Verdi and Richard Wagner," 211 MSRB, 6:00p.m.

Theatre:

"Saturday's Voyeur: Christmas Roadshow '88," 7:30 p.m., Salt Lake Acting Company, 168 W. 5th N. SLC, Tickets: 363-0525

"Room Service," Pioneer Memorial Theatre, 300 S. and University, SLC, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$9.00-\$18.50, 581-6961

Music:

Songwriters' Showcase, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, 7:30

Festive Festivals:

7th Annual Dickens Festival, Salt Palace, 100 S. Temple, SLC, 11:00 a.m.-10:00 p.m. Tickets: \$3.50, 350-7586

Festival of Trees! 10:00 a.m.-10:00 p.m., decorated trees, gingerbread villages, handmade gifts and sweets, music and dance, Salt Palace II, 100 So. Temple, SLC

Info: 521-1679

Thursday, December 1

Lecture:

Ira Sharkansky, Visiting Professor from the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, "The New Israeli Government and its Implications," 321 MSRB, 11:00 a.m.

Honors Module, James E. Faulconer on Aldous Huxley's

Brave New World, 241 MSRB, 6:00 p.m.

Theatre:

"Saturday's Voyeur: Christmas Roadshow '88," 7:30 p.m., Salt Lake Acting Company, 168 W. 5th N. SLC, Tickets: 363-0525

Late Night Comedy at Townstage Backstage: 7:00-10:00 p.m., \$5.00 or 2 for 1 w/ student I.D.

"Room Service," Pioneer Memorial Theatre, 300 S. and University, SLC, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$9.00-\$18.50, 581-6961

"A Christmas Carol," Hale Center Theatre, 2801 So. Main, SLC, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: 484-9257

Christmas Around the World, Marriot Center, 8:00 p.m. tickets: 378-BYU1

Music:

Latenight Jazz at Townsquare Backstage: "Table for Five" 11:00 p.m.-2:00 a.m., \$2.00

Festive Festivals:

7th Annual Dickens Festival, Salt Palace, 100 S. Temple, SLC, 11:00 a.m. - 10:00 p.m. Tickets: \$3.50, 350-7586

Festival of Trees! 10:00 a.m.- 10:00 p.m., decorated trees, gingerbread villages, handmade gifts and sweets, music and dance, Salt Palace II, 100 So. Temple, SLC

Info: 521-1679

Friday, December 2

Lecture:

Bishara Bahbah, Former Director of United Palestinian Appeal, Editor-in-Chief of Al-Adwa on "The Role of an Independent Palestinian State," 238 HRCB, noon

Theatre:

Christmas Around the World, Marriot Center, 8:00 p.m.

tickets: 378-BYU1

Townsquare Backstage Dinner Theatre: "The Planemaker," dinner 6:00 p.m., showtime 7:30 p.m., \$15.00, Townsquare Backstage, 65 N. University Avenue, 377-6905

"A Christmas Carol," Hale Center Theatre, 2801 So. Main, SLC, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: 484-9257

"Saturday's Voyeur: Christmas Roadshow '88," 8:00 p.m.,

Salt Lake Acting Company, 168 W. 5th N. SLC, Tickets: 363-0525

"Room Service," Pioneer Memorial Theatre, 300 S. and University, SLC, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$9.00-\$18.50, 581-6961

"Babes in Toyland," Salt Lake Repertory Theatre, 148 So. Main St. SLC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: 532-6000

Film:

Film Society, 214 Crabtree Tech. Bldg.

"Meet Me in St. Louis," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m. \$1.00 w/ I.D.

Music:

"A Celebration of Christmas" with the BYU Singers, Concert Choir, Men's & Women's Choruses, 7:30 p.m. de Jong Concert Hall, Tickets: \$3.00 w/ I.D. 378-7444

Latenight Jazz at Townsquare Backstage: "Table for Five" 11:00 p.m.-2:00 a.m., \$2.00

Festive Festivals:

7th Annual Dickens Festival, Salt Palace, 100 S. Temple, SLC, 11:00 a.m. - 10:00 p.m. Tickets: \$3.50, 350-7586

Festival of Trees! 10:00 a.m.- 10:00 p.m., decorated trees, gingerbread villages, handmade gifts and sweets, music and dance, Salt Palace II, 100 So. Temple, SLC

Info: 521-1679

Christmas Wonderland! ELWC Garden Court, 6:00 p.m. to close; pictures with Santa, booths, choirs, elves, and other Christmas festivities!

Fashion Show:

BYU fashion design dept. and local merchants, SFLC stepdown lounge, 12:00 p.m.

Saturday, December 3

Theatre:

Townsquare Backstage Dinner Theatre: "The Planemaker," dinner 6:00 p.m., showtime 7:30 p.m., \$15.00, Townsquare Backstage, 65 N. University Avenue, 377-6905

"A Christmas Carol," Hale Center Theatre, 2801 So. Main, SLC, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: 484-9257

"Saturday's Voyeur: Christmas Roadshow '88," 8:00 p.m., Salt Lake Acting Company, 168 W. 5th N. SLC, Tickets: 363-0525

"Room Service," Pioneer Memorial Theatre, 300 S. and University, SLC, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$9.00-\$18.50, 581-6961

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Info: 521-1679

Service Project:

Meet in ELWC Garden Court 8:00 a.m. to 12:00 p.m. Take Christmas gifts, carols, and cheer to nursing homes & hospitals.

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Sunday, December 4

Fireside:

Marriott Center, 7:30 p.m.

Caroling:

Bell Tower, 8:45 - 9:45 p.m., Come sing around a bonfire and enjoy the season and refreshments. Bring a candle.

Monday, December 5

Theatre:

"Room Service," Pioneer Memorial Theatre, 300 S. and University, SLC, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$9.00 - \$18.50, 581-6961

"Babes in Toyland," Salt Lake Repertory Theatre, 148 So. Main St. SLC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: 532-6000

"A Christmas Carol," Hale Center Theatre, 2801 So. Main, SLC, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: 484-9257

Music:
Vivaldi Candlelight Concert, St. Mark's Cathedral, 221 E. 100 N. SLC, 8:00 p.m. Joseph Silverstein, violin, JoAnn Ottley, Soprano. Tickets: \$25.00, or \$10.00 w/ student I.D. 15 minutes before the concert, 532-4747.

Tuesday, December 6

Theatre:

"Room Service," Pioneer Memorial Theatre, 300 S. and University, SLC, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$9.00-\$18.50, 581-6961

Music:

Percussion Ensemble and Panoramic Steel, 7:30 p.m.

Madsen Recital Hall, Tickets: \$3.00 w/ I.D. 378-7444

Vivaldi Candlelight Concert, St. Mark's Cathedral, 221 E. 100 N. SLC, 8:00 p.m. Joseph Silverstein, violin, JoAnn Ottley, Soprano. Tickets: \$25.00, or \$10.00 w/ student I.D. 15 minutes before the concert, 532-4747.

Wednesday, December 7

Theatre:

"Saturday's Voyeur: Christmas Roadshow '88," 7:30 p.m., Salt Lake Acting Company, 168 W. 5th N. SLC, Tickets: 363-0525

"Room Service," Pioneer Memorial Theatre, 300 S. and University, SLC, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$9.00-\$18.50, 581-6961

Music:

BYU Philharmonic, Tchaikovsky & Bradshaw, 7:30 p.m. de Jong Concert Hall, Tickets: \$3.00 w/ I.D. 378-7444, Pre-concert lecture 6:30 p.m. de Jong Concert Hall

Party:

Student Review Christmas Dinner Party!!! at Backstage, 8:00 p.m., \$4.00. RSVP to a staff member.

Varsity Theatres:

Varsity:

Nov. 30-Dec. 1: "The Last Emperor" 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.

Dec. 2-8: "Stand and Deliver" 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.

Varsity II:

Dec. 2-5: "Can't Buy Me Love" 7:30 & 9:00 p.m.

Dec. 12: "The Slipper and the Rose" 7:30 & 9:00 p.m.

Late Night Flick:

Dec. 2: "Fletch" 11:30 p.m.

Dec. 9: "Romancing the Stone" 11:30 p.m.

Planetarium Shows

Nov. 30-Dec. 31:

"Star of Bethlehem," a traditional Christmas show exploring celestial phenomena, 7:00 p.m., Hansen Planetarium, 15 S. State, SLC, Info: 538-2098

"Laser Christmas," laser show accompanied by favorite Christmas music, Hansen Planetarium, 6:00 & 10:00 p.m., 15 So. State, SLC, Info: 538-2098

TOWNSQUARE BACKSTAGE

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Comedy Night:

Thursday 7:00 - 10:00 p.m., Tickets: \$5.00 - 2 for 1 w/ student I.D.

Jazz with "Table for Five"

Thursday, Friday, & Saturday, 11:00 p.m. - 2:00 a.m.

Tickets: \$2.00



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THE WORLD IN REVIEW

Hamburg, WEST GERMANY

In an anti-NATO demonstration 8,000 citizens battled riot police and opposed Helmut Kohl's announcement that the government would continue to fulfill NATO obligations. Kohl also said that opposition to NATO could grow in Western Europe unless the US restructured plans for cost sharing among members of the alliance.

Ottawa, CANADA

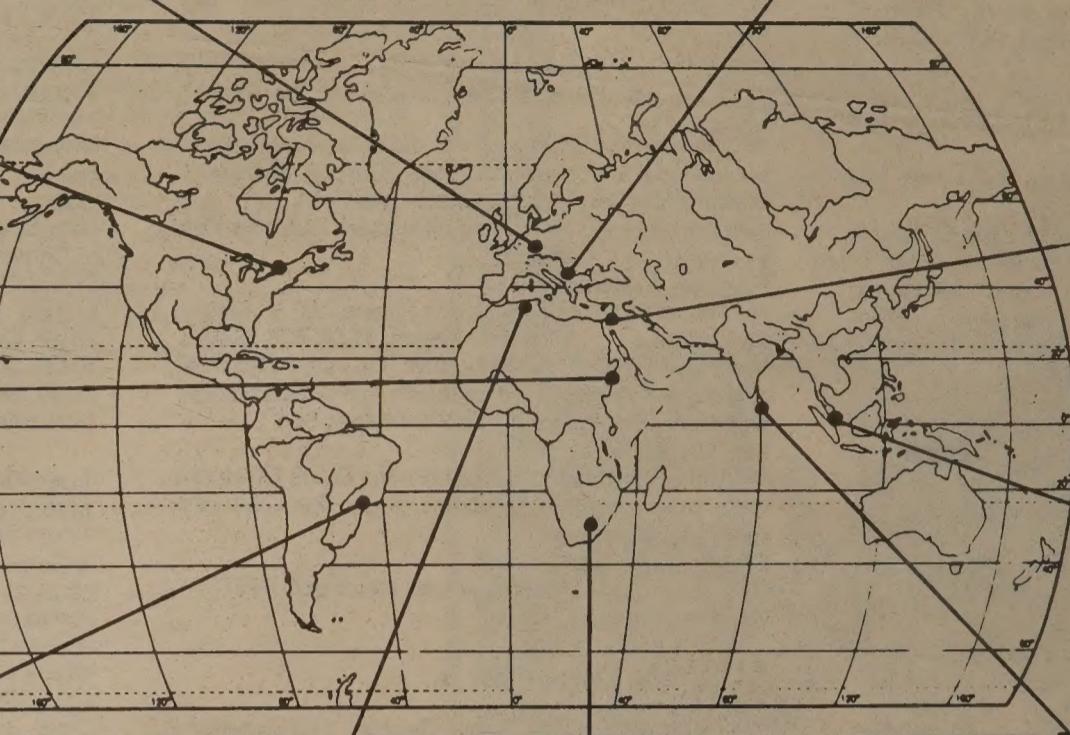
In national elections, Prime Minister Brian Mulroney became the first in 25 years to win a second term in office. His conservative party gained the majority in the House of Commons. This victory is the key to bringing about the signing of a pact lifting all barriers on trade between Canada and the US.

Khartoum, SUDAN

A cease-fire agreement has been signed in which the primarily Christian rebels will allow relief to reach starving refugees in rebel-held areas on three conditions. The coalition government must desert plans to adopt nationwide Islamic law, lift the 16 month state of emergency, and convene a constitutional conference.

Sao Paulo, BRAZIL

The biggest strike in the history of Brazil's oil industry threatens to severely disrupt the economy. Demanding higher wages, 90% of the 61,000 workers employed by state controlled oil companies stopped work.



Belgrade, YUGOSLAVIA

In a week of demonstrations termed the biggest in Yugoslavia since World War II, 4,000 ethnic Albanians marched 40 miles to the capital. They demanded the reinstatement of two ethnic leaders who had been forced to resign by the Serbian Communist leader, Slobodan Milosevic.

Jerusalem, ISRAEL

Shouting protests and rising from their seats, 15 leftist legislators refused to be sworn into the Knesset by a lawmaker whose party calls for expulsion of Arabs from Israel and represents "the complete opposite of law, morality, and justice...for which [they] were elected."

Colombo, SRI LANKA

Despite Tamil guerilla attacks which killed one civilian and injured 16 Indian soldiers, elections were held in the eastern districts. Tamil Eelam People's Revolutionary Front won 17 of 35 contended seats and now holds the clear majority on the council which oversees the province.

Singapore

see article on front page

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